Table of Contents

1. Prologue
2. Chapter One
3. Chapter Two
4. Chapter Three
5. Chapter Four
6. Chapter Five
7. Chapter Six
8. Chapter Seven
9. Chapter Eight
10. Chapter Nine
11. Chapter Ten
12. Chapter Eleven
13. Chapter Twelve
14. Chapter Thirteen
15. Chapter Fourteen
16. Chapter Fifteen
17. Epilogue

Prologue

This chapter is dedicated to Nivek321 of Howrse.com. She is a good friend of mine on Howrse and she was really kind and generous to make me this beautiful cover of the book! Please, don't take this cover, or resize it, as Nivek321 spent a long time working on it. Thank you so much!

Hi there! Welcome to my Warriors Super Edition! I am making this book for LionheartPublishing's super edition contest in their Warrior Cats Fan Magazine! There are many Warriors super editions, but I decided to write one for the first ThunderClan deputy in "Into the Wild," Redtail. We'll journey with young Redkit all the way through his life, up until his story has been told. All credit goes to Erin Hunter for everything, as I do not own Warriors, and I will be making chapters with much help from Bluestar's Prophecy and a few of her other books. I apologize if anything in this chapter is confusing- I tried to combine Ravenpaw's version of the battle with the version in the prologue of "Into the Wild," which was actually quite difficult. Well, all credit to Erin Hunter for everything, and I hope you enjoy Redtail's Path!

Prologue

Redtail clambered to the top of a rock bordering the clearing, ears pricked. RiverClan had challenged once again for Sunningrocks, insisting the territory was theirs. He glanced around at the other ThunderClan cats on the patrol, his tail up and ready to signal an attack. The clearing was quiet, almost too quiet, as cats held their breath, waiting. Redtail met eyes with another warrior, Tigerclaw, who looked eager to leap out of the bushes and protect his territory. Tigerclaw's amber eyes shone with ferocity, and a willingness to protect what was rightfully ThunderClan's.

Ripples flashed across the river, indicating an important arrival. Redtail narrowed his eyes. RiverClan was here. A battle was about to continue, one that had been fought many times but never settled.

The battle for Sunningrocks.

Redtail flicked his tail as the RiverClan warriors appeared. ThunderClan cats shot from the dense bushes, falling upon the enemies. Screeches and howls echoed across the clearing as the RiverClan cats struck back, lashing out at the ThunderClan cats. Redtail leapt of the rock and into battle, ready to help his Clan. He saw Tigerclaw's apprentice, Ravenpaw, wounded.

"Ravenpaw!" He called. The black tom whipped around. "Hide in a crack in the rock until you are able to get away! You are too injured to fight!" Ravenpaw's eyes widened fearfully and he started to run. Redtail turned away from him.

"Tigerclaw!" He yowled to the tabby. "This is useless! There are too many RiverClan warriors!"

Tigerclaw sent the RiverClan cat running off, and the tabby warrior leapt to his deputy's side.

"No, Redtail. ThunderClan will never be beaten!" He replied. "This is our territory!" Redtail noticed that he was wounded as well, but would not give up.

"ThunderClan will honor your courage, Tigerclaw, but we cannot afford to lose any more of our warriors," he pleaded, urgency in his tone. "Bluestar would never expect her warriors to fight against these impossible odds. We will have another chance to avenge this defeat." He saw Tigerclaw's eyes flash with defiance, but before the tabby could argue, he jumped back onto the rock and faced the battle.

"Retreat, ThunderClan! Retreat!" He yowled, his voice echoing across the clearing. He sighed in relief as he realized that he had not lost anyone, and the ThunderClan cats backed away towards him, hissing and spitting angrily. The RiverClan cats were surprised at the short battle, but Oakheart, their deputy, accepted the victory eagerly and yowled triumphantly. The rest of his warriors joined in. He could tell that some of the RiverClan cats still wanted to fight, and one jumped in front of Redtail.

Redtail angrily hissed and recognized the cat as Stonefur.

He bared his teeth, slashing at his opponent's legs and sending him crashing to the ground.

Stonefur spat. "Sunningrocks is ours! How *dare* you try to claim it as your own!" Redtail snarled at him and prepared to sink his claws into his opponent, but suddenly, a brown blur pulled him off of the gray tom. Stonefur dashed off, grateful to be free.

Redtail faced the RiverClan deputy, Oakheart, and spat at him furiously. "Are RiverClan warriors so weak they are unable to fight their own battles?"

Oakheart narrowed his eyes. "No ThunderClan cat will ever harm that warrior."

Redtail howled and leapt on Oakheart, sending both of them rolling off the side of Sunningrocks. Oakheart snarled and slashed at Redtail, but the deputy jumped back and rammed into the RiverClan cat, sending him straight into the side of Sunningrocks. A loud rumbling sounded, and suddenly rocks came tumbling down, collapsing on top of Oakheart. Redtail's eyes widened.

"Oakheart!" It was over. Nothing could be done. *You were a brave warrior, and fought well for your Clan. You did not deserve to go to StarClan.* He dashed out of the dust from the rubble, his tail sticking straight up. The deputy kept running. The battle had died down and RiverClan was watching them, their eyes full of hatred, as they left. Redtail crashed into something hard, and looked up to see Tigerclaw. The rest of ThunderClan was already returning to camp.

Redtail relaxed, relieved that it was only one of his warriors. Suddenly, Tigerclaw leapt on him, pinning him down.

"Tigerclaw!" Redtail said, astonished. "What are you doing?"

"I am fulfilling my destiny, Redtail. I shall become leader of ThunderClan, and you are in my way," the tabby hissed in his ear. Redtail's eyes widened, and he writhed under the warrior's grip, but he could not get away. Tigerclaw snarled and sank his teeth into the deputy's throat. Redtail felt the pain for a single moment before the world vanished into blackness and he was no more.

Author's Note: *So, what do you think? I hope you like it! I just want to say that everything in this prologue was inspired by Erin Hunter's books, because in Bluestar's Prophecy's prologue, it is basically the last event before Redtail dies, just like how it is the last event before Bluestar dies in Bluestar's Prophecy. Also, the ending of this is pretty similar to the ending of the prologue of Bluestar's Prophecy, so I want to give credit to her for that, too. Basically, all credit to Erin Hunter as I said before, but those are two big things I wanted to point out! :) The only things I did were make it all in Redtail's point of veiw, add some of my own dialogue, and a few other things that you can probably find if you read the books. Thanks so much, and see you in Chapter One!*

Please, comment, vote, and fan! Thanks!

Chapter One

The book cover was made by Nivek321 of Howrse.com. Please, don't take this cover, or resize it, as Nivek321 spent a long time working on it. Thank you so much!

Hey everyone! Okay, so I finally got Chapter One up! I hope you enjoy it. This chapter was a ton of fun to write, because it was so fun to make the kits all excited. Let me know what you think! All credit goes to Erin Hunter!

Chapter One

"Welcome back to ThunderClan, Redkit," a soft voice whispered as the kit awoke. His mother always greeted him that way when he woke up. *Redkit.* The name registered in the young kit's mind, and he recognized it as his own. *Redkit,* he thought again, a smile growing across his small face. It was such a great name. *Why was I named Redkit?* He thought, suddenly curious. *When I open my eyes, I bet I'll know.*

It had been nearly a moon since he and his siblings were born, but it had felt like many more moons had passed. Redkit felt as if he knew the whole Clan already, from all the things he'd been hearing outside of the nursery when he'd been pretending to sleep. He knew that his mother's name was Swiftbreeze, and he had two sisters— Willowkit and Spottedkit. He'd also heard the name Adderfang from time to time, and he'd been told this cat was his father.

He could always recognize his mother's never-faltering scent. It smelled of the forest, and like pretty flowers— or so he'd been told. Redkit really had no idea what flowers were, and he didn't know much about the forest, except for the snippets he'd caught from conversations outside. Nonetheless, he'd been told by Adderfang that that's what his mother's scent resembled—flowers and the forest.

Redkit felt something wet and rough slide across his head, and he sighed and squirmed out of his mother's grip.

"Why are you washing me again?" Redkit groaned.

"To keep you warm," Swiftbreeze's voice sounded in his ear.

"But I'm warm enough!" Redkit protested, trying to suppress a shiver as a soft breeze swept through the nursery.

"Come now, I don't want you getting whitecough." Swiftbreeze swept her kit back over to her and promptly returned to her licking.

Redkit cocked his head. "What's whitecough?"

"It's a sickness cats can get, and you get very weak from it. Sometimes, it can develop into greencough, an even worse sickness." Another voice answered Redkit's question.

Featherwhisker!

Redkit immediately recognized the medicine cat apprentice's voice. He curled his tail over his face. Whitecough and greencough sounded horrible!

"Don't worry," Swiftbreeze said, "there are herbs to help heal sick cats, and Featherwhisker knows all of them." Redkit really wished that he could see if the medicine cat apprentice was nodding or not.

He felt something stir beside him. "What's all the noise about?" Willowkit's voice reached Redkit's ears.

Redkit flicked his small tail. "We were just talking about stuff," Redkit said.

"What stuff?" Spottedkit's voice asked curiously. *Everyone's awake!* Redkit thought excitedly. *After this, I'm going to try and open my eyes!*

"Medicine cat stuff," Redkit groaned, trying to hide his excitement over the anticipation of opening his eyes. His excitement was pushed away for a moment and he frowned. Why would and cat

want to be a medicine cat? Being a warrior was *so* much better.

“Like what?” Spottedkit pressed.

“I don’t know, Spottedkit. Herbs, medicine, healing and that other stuff.” He replied in exasperation. Spottedkit was silent, and Willowkit shifted her weight.

“Being a medicine cat is more than that,” Featherwhisker said, his voice full of hurt.

Redkit instantly felt bad. He didn’t want to hurt the apprentice’s feelings. He was about to apologize when he felt a tail on his shoulder.

“It’s okay.” Featherwhisker said. “I understand.”

Redkit wished he could see the medicine cat apprentice right now. “I’m sorry,” he apologized anyways, rubbing his face with his paws. Brightness suddenly flooded into his dark vision and he found himself face to face with a huge creature. It had pale silvery fur and bright amber eyes, with long whiskers and a plumed tail sticking up behind it.

“Featherwhisker?” Redkit asked in astonishment and uncertainty, recognizing the scent of the apprentice but not believing that he was actually seeing him with his own eyes. Realization struck like a rock.

Wait.

His own *eyes!*

“Redkit!” Featherwhisker said with joy. “You’ve opened your eyes!”

“What?” Willowkit said, opening her own. “No fair! Why can’t my eyes be— hey!”

Redkit turned to his sisters. Willowkit had pretty silver-gray fur and unusual bright blue eyes. He looked at Spottedkit and saw that she had opened her own, too.

“Yay!” Spottedkit squealed. “Our eyes have opened!” Spottedkit was a pretty tortoiseshell cat, with amber eyes. She had a white chest, paws, and muzzle, and two dark rims around her eyes, one darker than the other.

“Wow!” Redkit said. His sisters didn’t look as he expected them to look. He didn’t really know what to think they looked like in the first place.

“Redkit!” Willowkit exclaimed. “I know why you’re named Redkit!”

“What? Why?” He asked.

“Your tail!” Spottedkit cried. “Look at your tail!”

Redkit looked over his shoulder and saw a bright red plumed tail behind him. He had a dappled coat, a bit like Spottedkit’s, but his red tail stood out among his tortoiseshell fur. Redkit turned towards Swiftbreeze and saw a large tabby and white cat with bright yellow eyes looking down at him lovingly.

“I’m so happy for all of you,” she purred.

“Can we go out and explore?” Willowkit pleaded.

“Of course,” Swiftbreeze said.

Redkit and Willowkit jumped to their paws. Spottedkit got up, a bit more hesitant.

“What’s wrong?” Willowkit asked her.

Spottedkit looked at them, and then at Featherwhisker. “I kind of wanted to go see the medicine cat’s den with Featherwhisker.” She meowed.

Redkit cocked his head, and then shrugged. It wasn’t his business why Spottedkit wanted to go into the medicine cat’s den. If she wanted to do boring medicine cat stuff instead of go have fun, then that was her choice.

“Okay,” Willowkit shrugged half-heartedly. Redkit could tell she wanted them all to go outside together. “See you later?”

Spottedkit nodded. Featherwhisker smiled at her and flicked his tail as he walked out of the nursery. Spottedkit eagerly bounced after him, purring.

Redkit watched her go and then turned to Willowkit. “Race you to the clearing!” He grinned, and dashed off.

“Hey, no fair!” Willowkit whined from somewhere behind him. Redkit looked over his shoulder and saw her barreling after him. “Redkit, watch out!”

Redkit turned around just in time to see a big ginger tom with intense yellow eyes right in front of him, staring at him in surprise, before he crashed into the cat. He looked up and saw the tom looking down at him with soft eyes.

“Hello, Redkit,” he greeted. Willowkit skidded to a halt beside her littermate, her mouth open in awe. Redkit looked at her uncertainly as her eyes widened. He crept over to her. “What are you staring at?” He whispered. Willowkit glared at him.

“Redkit, don’t you know who that is?”

Redkit shook his head, ashamed. Willowkit grinned.

“That’s Sunstar. That’s our Clan leader!”

Author's Note: *Like the ending? I had some trouble figuring out how to end it. :D I just want to say thanks to all my fans reading this so far. I was surprised at how quickly I got people commenting on this. It means so much to me, and it inspires me and compells me to write more. You guys all rock! :) Thanks so much!*

Please, comment, vote, and fan! I'd love to hear your feedback. Thanks! :)

See you in Chapter Two!

Chapter Two

The book cover was made by Nivek321 of Howrse.com. Please, don't take this cover, or resize it, as Nivek321 spent a long time working on it. Thank you so much!

Yay, Chapter Two! I hope you like it! Enjoy! All credit goes to Erin Hunter.

Chapter Two

Redkit looked up at the massive tom in awe. "You're Sunstar?" His eyes widened.

"Yes," Sunstar answered, sitting down and wrapping his tail neatly over his paws. "I'm happy to know you have opened your eyes. I have been watching all three of you."

Redkit's tail flicked happily, then he frowned. All Sunstar had seen of him was when he mewled for food and when he couldn't even see! Willowkit shot a glance at Redkit.

"What's wrong?" She whispered out of the corner of her mouth. Redkit looked at her and shook his head, then turned back to Sunstar, who was watching both of them, his whiskers twitching.

"Have you two been around camp yet?" The ginger tom asked. Both kits shook their heads. Sunstar looked around, his tail raising. "Where's your sister?" He queried.

"She wanted to go see the medicine cat's den with Featherwhisker," Willowkit pouted.

Sunstar looked surprised. "Really?" Willowkit nodded. "I see," he said softly, looking in the direction of the medicine den. His expression softened and a small smile grew on his face. Redkit looked at Willowkit, confused, but his sister only shrugged. "Well, then, let's go! I'll show you two around."

Sunstar got up and flicked his tail, beckoning for the kits to follow. Redkit bounded after him, not nearly matching the leader's long stride. Willowkit sneezed as Sunstar's pawsteps kicked up dust, and she hastily followed.

Not far off was a large den where a few cats were dozing comfortably. There weren't many in there, but Redkit knew instantly they were looking at the warrior's den.

"Is this where the warriors sleep?" Willowkit asked, looking up at Sunstar.

Sunstar nodded. "Yes. There aren't many cats in here right now, because most of them are awake. But, these are the cats that were on the dawn patrol this morning, and they are getting some rest after having to wake up so early." He looked over at the cats and back to the kits. "You'll get to meet them later." He turned around and padded over to a smaller den, one that was similar to the warrior's den.

"That's the apprentice's den, isn't it?" Redkit squeaked eagerly.

Sunstar smiled. "It is, Redkit. You'll be there soon."

"Sooner than later!" Redkit meowed, puffing out his chest.

Willowkit swatted him softly with her tail. "Stop being such a show-off!" She purred.

Redkit grinned. "I'm going to be the best warrior *ever*!" He promised Sunstar. The ThunderClan leader smiled and walked off to another spot, where a tall cliff loomed.

"I know this place!" Willowkit mewed. "This is Highrock, right?"

"Yes," Sunstar said. "I make announcements to the Clan up here. Right by it is my den." He flicked his tail to a lichen-covered cave close to Highrock. "This is also the place where kits are made apprentices, and eventually into warriors," he said, looking down at Redkit, who was bouncing excitedly.

Willowkit swatted him again. "You're embarrassing me!" She

scolded. Redkit immediately stopped bouncing and glared at her. *She'll never see it coming!* Redkit grinned, and pounced on his sister, causing her to squeal in protest as they rolled along in the dust. He pinned Willowkit down and saw that his Clanmates were watching him. His fur fluffed up in embarassment as they all stared at him with amused expressions. *What am I doing?* Redkit thought. *I have to show them I'm not some kit!* He smoothed his fluffy fur with his tongue and strode back over to Sunstar. Willowkit rolled her eyes and walked back next to him.

"Mouse-brain," she giggled in his ear. Redkit tried to keep a straight face for the warriors, but couldn't help smiling. Sunstar looked down at them again, his whiskers twitching again, as if he was also trying to keep back a laugh. He started to walk over to a hollow tree stump, and he beckoned the kits to follow.

"This is the elder's den," Sunstar said. Cats were resting inside of it, and an old she-cat's green eyes brightened as they walked in. "The kits have opened their eyes!" She purred. Her fur looked a lot like Spottedkit's.

"Yes, Larksong," Sunstar said with a smile. "This is Willowkit, and this is-"

"-Redkit." Redkit interruped, puffing out his chest. Larksong smiled sweetly.

"Welcome, both of you." Larksong said. "I'm Larksong, and this is Weedwhisker-" she flicked her tail at a yellow-eyed orange tom who was staring at them with interest, "-and Mumblefoot." She nodded to another tom with brown fur and warm amber eyes. They both nodded a greeting.

Sunstar looked behind him and turned back to the elders. "I've got to go. Would you like to stay with the kits?" He asked.

Larksong's eyes closed in delight. "Of course! I have plenty of stories for them."

Redkit perked up. *Stories? Are they about warriors?*

Sunstar nodded his thanks and dashed out of the den. Larksong turned to the kits and gestured for them to sit. Redkit and Willowkit settled down together. Suddenly, another cat entered the den, and Willowkit turned around, her blue eyes brightening. "Spottedkit!" She exclaimed.

Spottedkit was standing in the entrance of the elder's den, a smile across her face. She smelled greatly of herbs, and Redkit wrinkled his nose. *Ugh.*

"Willowkit! Redkit! I've been looking all over for you. Sunstar told me you were here," she purred.

"Were were just about to hear a story," Redkit said. "Come and listen with us."

Spottedkit's smile grew and she sat right next to Willowkit. Larksong looked at her kindly. "Hello, Spottedkit. You must be another one of Swiftbreeze's second litter." Spottedkit nodded.

After the elders were introduced again, Larksong settled down on the soft ground, her tail laying on the floor beside her. "What would you like to hear about?"

"How about the strongest warrior in the world?" Redkit suggested.

"No, let's hear about when Sunstar got his nine lives!" Willowkit argued.

"I think we should hear a story about a medicine cat's journey to the Moonstone." Spottedkit said.

Redkit rolled his eyes. "Why would anyone want to hear about that?" He groaned.

Spottedkit looked offended. "*Because*, Redkit, when a medicine cat goes to the Moonstone, they get to share dreams with StarClan!"

Redkit cocked his head. "Who told you that? *Featherwhisker?*"

"As a matter of fact, yes. Featherwhisker did tell me." Spottedkit glared at Redkit.

Larksong put a paw in front of them. "Now, kits, let's not fight. I have a perfect story."

"So we *are* going to hear about the strongest warrior in the world?" Redkit sounded hopeful.

Willowkit groaned. "Redkit, the perfect story is when Sunstar got his nine lives!"

"*No*," Spottedkit argued. "The *perfect* story is about a medicine cat speaking with StarClan!"

"*Spottedkit!*" Redkit hissed. "*No one* wants to hear about a medicine cat's journey to the Moonstone!"

Spottedkit lashed her tail angrily. "I do!"

"Kits!" Larksong cried. "For StarClan's sake, you're ruining the fun!"

Redkit saw how upset Larksong and his siblings looked and immediately felt ashamed. His ears flattened and he looked at his paws. "I'm sorry," he apologized.

"Sorry," Willowkit mewed.

"Sorry, Larksong," Spottedkit whispered.

Larksong's eyes softened. "It's okay. Now, let's get to that story, shall we?"

Redkit brightened up. "Yes, please!" He curled up next to his sisters.

"I think I'm going to tell you the story of SkyClan."

Author's Note: *Sorry, this is a bit short. I'll try to update as soon as I can. I couldn't resist adding SkyClan into my story. :) They are my favorite Clan! Hint: That last sentence is foreshadowing something for later in the book. Can you guess? If so, do so below! All credit to Erin Hunter, and see you in Chapter Three! :D*

Please, comment, vote, and fan! Thanks!

Chapter Three

The cover of this book was made by Nivek321 of Howrse.com. Please do not take the cover, or resize it, as she worked hard on making it. Thanks!

Chapter Three is finally here! Hurray! Sorry for taking so long! I've been pretty busy lately. Well, I'm happy to say the contest has been extended, so I can keep writing this! :) Here's chapter three! All credit goes to Erin Hunter!

Chapter Three

"Redkit, from this moment forward, until you have earned your warrior name, you will be known as Redpaw." Sunstar's voice boomed from the top of Hightock as he addressed his Clan. "Sparrowpelt, you are a noble and loyal warrior, and you will mentor Redpaw. Pass on your skills to this young apprentice."

Sparrowpelt's eyes flashed with pride as he made eye contact with Redpaw. As the ceremony finished, Redpaw crept forward to touch noses with his mentor.

"I couldn't have asked for a better apprentice to train," Sparrowpelt whispered in his ear.

Redpaw smiled up at the tom, his chest filled with pride. Sparrowpelt! Sunstar couldn't have chosen better. He looked to his right where Willowkit and Spottedkit, now Willowpaw and Spottedpaw, were touching noses with their mentors, Adderfang and Thrushpelt. Excitement radiated off of Willowpaw in waves, and her pretty blue eyes sparkled with excitement. Spottedpaw seemed happy, too, but something flashed behind her brown eyes, betraying her emotions. Redpaw narrowed his eyes in confusion. What was it? Regret? Uncertainty? Or both? He didn't know.

Sunstar dismissed the Clan and leapt off of Highrock. The Clan cats dispersed, chatting as they left. Redpaw saw his mother

congratulating Willowpaw and Spottedpaw. After they exchanged a few words, Swiftbreeze padded over to him.

"Congratulations," she purred, licking his head.

"Mom!" Redpaw wailed, his fur fluffing up with embarassment.

"Alright, my little warrior," she laughed. "I've got to go get some moss for my bed." After a few more licks, Swiftbreeze headed to the warrior's den to claim a spot to sleep now that her kits were out of the nursery.

"Congratulations, Red*paw*!" Tigerpaw, an older apprentice, cried as he bounded up to him. "We're going to be denmates again!"

Redpaw nodded. "I'm so excited!" He meowed.

Sparrowpelt padded up to them. "Redpaw and I are going out to learn how to hunt," he said. "Would you and Thistleclaw like to join us?"

Tigerpaw looked at his approaching mentor questioningly. Thistleclaw gave the striped tabby apprentice a hard, angry glare, and Tigerpaw turned back to Redpaw and Sparrowpelt, looking offended.

"No way! I already know how to hunt. I don't need to learn with *him*." Tigerpaw flicked his tail contemptuously at Redpaw. "He'll make me lose my skills!"

"Tigerpaw... what's wrong?" Redpaw asked, hurt. "Just a second ago..."

Thistleclaw came up next to Tigerpaw, a smug grin on his face. "Wake up and smell the flowers, Redpaw. I don't need you holding me back." Tigerpaw sneered.

"Let's go," Sparrowpelt said, narrowing his eyes. "We don't need to be hanging around bullies like them."

Redpaw began walking away with his mentor, looking over his shoulder at the apprentice who once was his friend. Tigerpaw had

just seemed so happy for him and excited that he was an apprentice, but then... then what?

"Redpaw!" Willowpaw yowled, tackling him from out of no where and pinning him down. "I can't believe it! We're apprentices!"

Redpaw pushed away his worries about Tigerpaw and focused on his sister, who had a wide grin on her face. He pushed at Willowpaw's chest with his legs, throwing her off. He immediately leapt onto her, pinning her down with her paws squarely on her chest.

"Ha!" Redpaw grinned. "Got you!"

Willowpaw squirmed under her brother, writhing in his grip. "Get off of me, you big lump!" She laughed.

Redpaw climbed off and turned around, finding himself face to face with Spottedpaw.

"Congratulations, Redpaw," she whispered, looking down at her paws. Willowpaw's ears pricked toward Spottedpaw, and she trotted over to her siblings, her tail flicking side to side casually.

"What's wrong, Spottedpaw?" She asked, worry laced in her voice. "Aren't you glad we're apprentices?"

"I'm glad you two are," she muttered, so quietly it was unintelligable to her siblings.

"What was that?" Redpaw cocked his head.

"Nothing," Spottedpaw replied as she shifted her weight.

"Okay," he shrugged. "If you say so."

Willowpaw swatted him with her paw. "Redpaw, what is wrong with you? Can't you show a little sympathy?"

Redpaw glared at her. "She said nothing was wrong!" He growled, his tail lashing.

"That doesn't mean there isn't!" Willowpaw shot back. "Actually, it's quite obvious there is!"

"Willowpaw-"

"No, Spottedpaw. I'm tired of him never caring." Willowpaw cut her off.

"*Never caring?* Maybe you could look past your nose and notice I may have just lost my only friend!"

"Redpaw-"

"Spottedpaw, please. I'm sick of Willowpaw always thinking she's right!" He roared.

Spottedpaw flashed glances at Sparrowpelt, Thrushpelt, and Adderfang, asking for help. The warriors were watching the apprentices fight in shock. Adderfang stepped forward. "Redpaw, Willowpaw, let's not fight-"

Willowpaw bared her teeth angrily. "Why you-"

"I'm out of here!" Redpaw snarled, cutting her off. He whipped around and dashed out of camp, causing the gorse tunnel to tremble as he left without another word.

Author's Note: *Hey guys! Sorry for the long wait. I've been pretty busy. What do you think? Sorry if this is short. When I wrote it in a notebook it was 12 pages, so I'm hoping it was decently long! XD Anywho, I hope you enjoyed Chapter Three! This is officially my longest Wattpad book. (\(^o^)/) Yay! :D Well, let's hope I can write ten chapters by Friday! XD We'll see. Chapter Four is almost done, so I'll see you then!*

Please, comment, vote, and fan! :)

Chapter Four

The wonderful cover was made by Nivek321 of Howrse.com, also known as BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad. Please don't take, resize, or edit the cover, as she spent a long time working on it. Thanks! :)

Hey guys! I'm back! I'm trying my best to speed up my writing! I hope I can finish by Friday! :D Basically, what happened was I had a major writer's block for around a month, then I had a great idea, and the whole plot came to me about two days ago. XD I guess I'll have to work with it! XD Here is chapter four! Enjoy! All credit to Erin Hunter.

Chapter Four

I can't believe Willowpaw! Redpaw thought furiously. *How could she think that I don't even care?*

Redpaw walked through the forest in ThunderClan territory, looking at the scenery around him.

"Well, that was an eventful morning," he sighed. He clambered up the nearest tree, glad that Swiftbreeze had taught him three moons ago how to climb.

He sat there in the tree for quite some time- he didn't know how long - taking in all the fresh scents around him. Suddenly he stiffened as he smelled something else. It was a crisp scent, smelling greatly of some sort of Clan, but at the same time, it was... different. Out of the corner of his eye, something flashed, and he looked over his shoulder to see a ghostly image of a cat looking at him. It rested on one of the tree branches. The figure shimmered and began to fade, drifting away with the breeze.

"Wait!" Redpaw called, digging his claws into the tree bark as he slowly made his wat to the diminishing apparition. "Don't go!"

The cat's amber gaze locked onto Redpaw's brown one for a single

moment.

The Fox must reveal the Tiger's dark secret.

The voice rang in Redpaw's head. It sounded feminine, showing the cat was female. Right at those words, the spirit faded away in the wind, leaving Redpaw staring at thin air, stupefied.

"Redpaw!" Another voice drifted through the canopy. *Willowpaw!* His sister's scent filled his nose, and he stiffened angrily as her pawsteps grew louder. He smelled more cats, too, and recognized them as Sparrowpelt, Thrushpelt, Adderfang, and Spottedpaw. Redpaw sunk farther into the branches, trying to remain unseen. He hoped the tree's strong scent would hide his own. Willowpaw stopped abruptly below him, and the others paused, too.

"Where did he go?" Willowpaw meowed anxiously. "I just had his scent, and now it's gone!"

"He must've masked it. He probably knows we're here and wants us to leave him alone." Adderfang reassured her.

"I hope you're right," Willowpaw replied, unconvinced.

"Let's head back to camp," Sparrowpelt suggested. "Redpaw will return in due time."

"I agree," Thrushpelt voiced.

There was a moment of silence.

"You guys go. I'll catch up to you," Willowpaw mewed.

"Willowpaw-" Spottedpaw began.

"No, it's all right, Spottedpaw. Let's give your sister some time to think," Adderfang interrupted.

"O-okay," Spottedpaw said uncertainly, and the four of them left, their pawsteps slowly fading away.

Right when there was complete silence, Willowpaw looked up

directly at where Redpaw was hiding.

"I know you're up there, Redpaw," Willowpaw said, raking her claws on the ground. "Can you please come down?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't want to," Redpaw snapped.

"Fine. Then I'm coming up!" Willowpaw replied.

Willowpaw climbed up the tree with practiced ease, then faced her brother, her eyes soft.

"What do you want?" Redpaw spat.

Willowpaw looked taken aback. "I came to apologize."

"I don't need your apologies," Redpaw growled.

"Redpaw, I know it's been hard for you ever since Spottedpaw started shutting us out, but-"

"-I don't need your pity, either!" Redpaw snarled.

There was dead silence.

Redpaw met Willowpaw's eyes, but all he could see was blue fire as Willowpaw glared angrily at him.

"You don't think it's been hard for me?" Willowpaw growled. "I sit in bed night after night, knowing that one day, she'll be lost to us forever. Do you think I don't know?"

Redpaw suddenly felt all his sister's pain, hurt, and sorrow, and understood. Willowpaw was hurting even more than he was.

"Spottedkit! You want to come learn to fight with us? Tigerpaw promised to teach us!" Redkit asked.

"Yeah, come on, Spottedkit!" Willowkit added. "It'll be fun!"

"No, thanks. Featherwhisker is going to teach me about herbs!" Spottedkit squealed excitedly. Her face fell when she saw Willowkit's said expression. "I'll only be gone for a bit, Willowkit. I promise. Then we can train to become warriors together!"

"You do realize she's never going to keep that promise, don't you?" Willowpaw asked.

Redpaw nodded his head. "I know."

"What will we do?" Willowpaw voiced his concerns.

"Nothing. She's too caught up in StarClan now. She's chosen them over us," Redpaw replied dully.

"But, she's a warrior's apprentice! Surely-"

"-I didn't see it until now, Willowpaw. But finally it's clear. After the arguement, I understood." Redpaw cut her off.

Willowpaw's eyes widened. "Redpaw, no, she can't be!"

"I'm afraid she will. I always thought she was doing it because she got bored. No," Redpaw said. "Spottedpaw is going to become a medicine cat."

His sister seemed farther away than ever.

Author's Note: *Hey guys! Do you like it! Chapter Five is done, and I just have to type it. Chapter Six is in progress. I'm very determined to finish this book and am writing whenever I can! :)*

See you all next chapter!

Please, comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Chapter Five

The wonderful book cover was made by Nivek321 of Howrse.com, or BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad. Please don't take it, resize it, or edit it, as she put a lot of hard work into it.

Hey guys! I'm going to make this brief. Chapter Five is here! Enjoy! All credit to Erin Hunter.

Chapter Five

Bright sunlight blazed through the trees, the season of greenleaf evident. Scuffling could be heard in a clearing, and a few growls here and there. Suddenly, it stopped.

"Good, Redpaw," Sparrowpelt praised. "You're almost there. But, make sure to use my size against me."

Redpaw nodded. "Ready, set - hey!"

Sparrowpelt leapt onto his apprentice, pinning him down. "You won't get time to count in a battle. YOu always have to be ready. Danger can be found in the most unexpected places."

Redpaw felt a jolt run through him at those last words. Something pulled at him, and he strained to look past his mentor's shoulder and saw those blazing amber eyes looking at him again.

Danger can be found in the most unexpected places, the StarClan cat repeated his mentor's words, then faded away, leaving behind a few ancient whispers, but then, nothing.

Sparrowpelt followed Redpaw's gaze. "What are you looking at?"

Redpaw slithered out from under his mentor and turned away from him. "Nothing," he lied. Oh, he hated lying.

Sparrowpelt narrowed his eyes, but didn't reply.

Thank StarClan! Redpaw thought. *If he had asked again, I'd have-*

"Let's try again," Sparrowpelt suggested, interrupting his thoughts.

Redpaw flicked his tail nervously. "Okay." He crouched down, prepared to face his opponent.

Sparrowpelt snarled angrily and leapt towards him, and suddenly Redpaw had a flash of uncertain realization.

Sparrowpelt couldn't be the unknown danger, could he?

Redpaw leapt to the side and pounced on him, pinning him down. Sparrowpelt's angered face subsided and was replaced with a look of pride. "Excellent!"

No, there's no way. He would have finished me off already, Redpaw decided, climbing off his mentor. "Thanks," he smiled, trying to hide his emotions. To his relief, what Sparrowpelt said next washed away his worries.

"I knew acting like an enemy would help you perfect the move!" Sparrowpelt meowed. "You're a warrior that is excellent when you think you're in danger."

Redpaw paused. "Did you just call me a warrior?"

Sparrowpelt smiled. "Yes, I did."

"Why?" Redpaw asked.

"Because, you are going to be one soon. You and your sisters have been apprentices for three moons." Sparrowpelt reminded him. Redpaw remembered that Spottedpaw was still a warrior's apprentice. His worries about his sister becoming a medicine cat had nearly faded. "Plus, you've got the heart and spirit of a warrior," Sparrowpelt added.

Redpaw's eyes widened. "You really think so?"

"Of course I do," his mentor blinked. "Not come on, that's enough for today. Let's head back to camp."

Redpaw nodded and followed his mentor, weaving through trees as they reached ThunderClan camp. The two cats entered through the gorse tunnel, and right away Redpaw heard the familiar yowl of Sunstar.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the Highrock for a Clan meeting!"

Redpaw's ears perked up. "C'mon!" He cried, racing to the base of Highrock.

Sunstar's eyes skimmed the crowd of gathering cats. His gaze flicked towards Goosefeather, the Clan medicine cat, who looked wary, in the throng of cats. Once the Clan had settled, he began.

"Out medicine cat, Goosefeather, has decided to leave behind his duties as a healer of our Clan. He has served us well under the will of StarClan, but now it is his choice to live the rest of his life as an elder. Thank you for your service, Goosefeather." Sunstar dipped his head to the ragged-looking medicine cat. "Featherwhisker will be our new medicine cat."

Yowls of approval came from the cats. Sunstar flicked his tail for silence. "And now, another ceremony must be performed. Spottedpaw, please step forward." The she-cat smiled as she stepped up before her leader.

Redpaw's heart started racing. Surely Spottedpaw wasn't geing to become a warrior already?

"Spottedpaw, Featherwhisker has told me he is willing to take on an apprentice."

Redpaw's heart stopped. *No!*

"He has also informed me that you are remarkable with herbs and your compassion and kindness towards others is exceptional," Sunstar continued. "Is it your wish to cease your warrior training and instead follow the path of a medicine cat? You must remember that if you agree to this, you can never take on a mate or have kits, and you must not let anything get between you and caring for your

Clan."

StarClan, no!

Spottedpaw looked up at the golden-furred leader, determinations sparking in her eyes. "Yes, Sunstar, it is my wish."

Redpaw staggered back in shock. *Does Spottedpaw realize what she's just agreed to?*

Only the soft touch of a tail on his shoulder kept Redpaw from yowling out in protest. He turned around and saw Willowpaw looking at him with soft eyes. She shook her head.

"You heard her," she whispered. "It's *her* wish."

Redpaw suddenly realized that Willowpaw was right. He wasn't Spottedpaw. He had his own life. It may not be his wish to be a medicine cat, but it was Spottedpaw's. StarClan would take good care of his sister. He just knew it.

"Then by my power and the will of StarClan, I commend you as medicine cat apprentice. Your mentor will be Featherwhisker."

Spottedpaw smiled as she touched noses with her new mentor. The Clan broke into loud yowls, cheering on the young apprentice.

Spottedpaw beamed as the Clan rooted her on. And seeing his sister like that, so happy and proud, it changed everything.

Ever since kit hood, Redpaw realized he knew this day would come, and he anticipated it fearfully.

Only now that it came did he finally feel content.

Author's Note: *Yay! What do you guys think? Chapter Six is in progress. I'm working as fast as I can! :) I hope you all liked it! \(^.^)/ I'm so happy that this is coming along so nicely!*

See you all next chapter!

Please, comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Chapter Six

Nivek321 of Howrse.com, a.k.a. BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad, made this beautiful book cover. Please don't take it, as she put a lot of effort into it! Thanks!

Hey guys! Glory here. Chapter 6, yay! Credit to Erin Hunter.

Chapter Six

Redpaw paced nervously outside the medicine den. It had been half a moon since Spottedpaw had become Featherwhisker's apprentice, and the young she-cat had shown remarkable skills in healing. Redpaw was proud of his sister and encouraged her as much as he could.

But, I wouldn't be worrying so much if she was still a warrior's apprentice! Redpaw thought bitterly, then pushed the thought away. *No, I mustn't think like that. Spottedpaw is destined to be a medicine cat!*

Today was the ultimate test for young Spottedpaw. She was helping a she-cat, Bluefur, give birth. Poor Spottedpaw had seemed so nervous, leaving Redpaw frantic. Willowpaw was certain Spottedpaw would be fine. But, Redpaw couldn't help wondering what would happen if Spottedpaw didn't remember a herb or forgot what to do. Would she have to stop her medicine cat training?

He heard a yowl of fury come from inside the medicine den. "Get your paws off!" Bluefur screeched. The she-cat must've been beginning to give birth.

"A tom!" Featherwhisker announced from inside the den. There were a few muffled noises, and then Featherwhisker spoke again. "A she-kit!"

Redpaw sighed with relief. It seemed Spottedpaw was coming along excellently. He strained to hear through the cover of the medicine

den. Finally, Featherwhisker announced an arrival one last time.

"A she-kit!" He meowed.

"Why, hello, Redpaw," someone said from behind him. Redpaw whipped around and saw Thrushpelt, Spottedpaw's previous mentor and Bluefur's supposed mate, standing before him. He had his doubts about the tom's relationship with Bluefur, as he never said directly that Bluefur was his mate. Although, he figured it was implied, but he still couldn't be sure.

"Hi, Thrushpelt," Redpaw greeted. "Are you here to check on your mate and kits? They've just been born."

Thrushpelt's eyes lit up with delight. "That's wonderful! Bluefur must be so happy."

There he goes again, Redpaw thought. *You can never get a straight answer from him!*

"You'd better hurry and go see them before she names them all," Redpaw laughed.

"I wouldn't be surprised if she already has," Thrushpelt chuckled, heading over to the entrance of the medicine den and slipping inside. Just as he entered, Spottedpaw appeared.

"It's crowded in there," she explained.

"How'd it go?" Redpaw stared warily at her for a moment, and then her face broke into a huge smile and she playfully leapt onto him, laughing her delight. Redpaw smiled back broadly.

"Oh, Redpaw, it was *wonderful*!" Spottedpaw cried happily. "Bluefur looked so pleased, and it felt so good to know I helped!" Redpaw clambered out from under his sister and licked her ear affectionately.

"You're going to be a great medicine cat," he complimented. Spottedpaw beamed, her eyes glittering.

Suddenly, Redpaw remembered something.

"Spottedpaw," he began slowly, his smile fading, "there's something I need to tell you."

Spottedpaw instantly frowned, her ears pricked. "What is it?"

Redpaw thought about where he would start. He wanted to tell her about the StarClan cat, and ask her for advice, but then he remembered that she had begun her training as a medicine cat only half a moon ago. There was no way she could help him.

"Never mind," he muttered. "Now's a bad time."

Spottedpaw stared at him intensely with her chocolate brown eyes.

"Okay," she finally said. "But remember, if you need help, I'm here."

Redpaw nodded. "I know."

"Hey, Spottedpaw!" A voice yowled across the clearing. Willowpaw bounded out of the apprentice's den and towards them. "How was it?"

Spottedpaw smiled again. "It was amazing! I felt so... capable."

Willowpaw's eyes closed in pleasure. "That's wonderful!" She purred. "I knew you could do it."

Featherwhisker suddenly poked his head out of the den. "You can come and meet Bluefur's kits, you three," he called.

"Okay!" Willowpaw said, bounding past the medicine cat and into the den. Spottedpaw thought for a moment.

"I simply *must* see how Bluefur is feeling," she said at last, following suit.

Redpaw watched them go, feeling uneasy. He didn't think Featherwhisker would be the right one to tell about the StarClan cat. The silver tom looked at the apprentice.

"Are you coming?" He asked. Redpaw nodded and padded past him and into the medicine den.

The visit rushed by, and all that Redpaw had really processed of it were the kits' names- Stonekit, Mistykit, and Mosskit. Feeling drowsy, Redpaw clumsily stumbled out of the medicine den and into the apprentices' den. He settled down into his moss nest, and with the moonlight filtering through the leaves, he gave a long sigh and drifted off into sleep.

Author's Note: *Hey guys! What did you think? Well, see you in Chapter 7!*

Comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Chapter Seven

Nivek321 of Howrse.com a.k.a. BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad made the cover of this story. Please don't take it as she put lots of effort into it! Thanks! :)

Enjoy Chapter 7! Credit to Erin Hunter!

Chapter Seven

"Redpaw?" a voice echoed in the blackness.

The apprentice immediately perked up at the familiar voice. He looked for the source only to realize he was somewhere dark, where he could not see anything. He pricked his ears, desperate to hear the voice again.

"Redpaw," the voice repeated, granting the tom's wish.

"Where are you?" Redpaw blurted. "I can't see you!"

He felt fur brush across his pelt, and he closed his eyes, relishing in the soft touch.

"You came." The StarClan cat stated simply, her voice whispering in Redpaw's ear. Redpaw saw a flash of her starry pelt, but she was still nearly invisible in the darkness.

"Didn't you bring me here?" He replied, confused. Redpaw could feel the she-cat's amusement beside him.

"No, Redpaw," she replied. "You made the choice to come here. I only called you. You can decide whether or not you want to answer the call." Redpaw cocked his head. How had he chosen to come here? He just had gone to sleep in his den, and then...

"Wait..." he suddenly realized. "This is a dream!"

The StarClan cat brushed against his pelt again. "Is it?"

This confused Redpaw even more. "Where am I?" He voiced his thoughts.

"Where do you think you are?" The cat asked, her voice now coming from right in front of him. Redpaw understood almost immediately.

"You're right... this isn't a dream," he replied. "I'm in StarClan, aren't I?"

Right at those words, a glowing figure shimmered into view a few tail-lengths in front of him. Stars glittered along its soft pelt, and its intense amber eyes shone in the blackness. It was a tabby cat, with smoky gray fur, black stripes, and white paws. A warm smile spread across its face, and Redpaw immediately knew who this was, although this was not how he imagined the StarClan cat. Instead of old and withering, the she-cat was young and bright-spirited, her delight and happiness radiating off of her in waves.

"Welcome, Redpaw," she said, her young voice clearer than ever.

Suddenly, colors flooded into Redpaw's vision, flowing like water to reveal a lush, fertile forest. As the scenery expanded, he caught whiffs of fresh prey, and a soft breeze started ruffling his fur. He spotted a small waterfall crashing down into a rushing river, and trout flashed by in the clear water. His stomach rumbled, and he wanted to hunt desperately. The she-cat seemed to sense his urgency, and she padded towards him and set her tail on his shoulder.

"There will be plenty of time for that later," she meowed, "but right now, we need to talk." Redpaw leaned towards her.

"What about?" He asked.

The she-cat smiled. "You'll see. Now, come on, follow me."

Redpaw hesitated. She looked back towards him, her whiskers twitching with amusement.

"Come on, now," she urged. "I don't bite."

Redpaw laughed a little, and started walking towards her.

"Hard."

Redpaw rolled his eyes. The she-cat giggled and continued walking, leading the apprentice into the unknown. They had exited the lush forest, and were now heading past a moorland and marshy area. Behind them lay the forest and the river. Something felt oddly familiar, but Redpaw just couldn't figure out what it was. It was almost like he had been here before, but he knew he hadn't, right? Maybe it's someplace else that looks like here, he assumed.

Besides, he was still alive, just roaming StarClan.

Cold fear gripped at him like a hawk's talons.

Wasn't he?

"Uh... excuse me...?" Redpaw began, unsure how to address the she-cat.

"Yes?" She turned around, her fiery amber eyes looking at him, resembling two burning suns against her dark pelt.

"Why am I here?" He continued hesitantly. "Did I...?"

Redpaw couldn't even finish as he thought about his sisters, brother, and parents. If he really was dead, what would they do?

What would *he* do?

The she-cat looked at him, her eyes soft. "No, you are still alive," she assured him. "Just sleeping."

"So this *is* a dream?" Redpaw cocked his head.

"You tell me," she replied with a slight grin.

Redpaw narrowed his eyes in confusion and looked down at the lush grass underneath him. His paws sank into the ground at every step, indicating how moist the ground was. The breeze had died down, and he thought he caught glimpses of many eyes staring at him. He looked above him and saw no stars dotting the sky. Instead, the bright lights were floating around him. Strangely, he

hadn't noticed them before. But, if he really was in StarClan, it would make sense that the stars were right where StarClan was.

No, this couldn't be a dream. It felt too real.

He shook his head at the she-cat. "No, this is definitely real," he meowed at last.

The she-cat laughed, slight relief in her voice. "Good," she said. "I was beginning to think you thought I wasn't real."

Her eyes shone with laughter and some other emotion that Redpaw couldn't place. She turned away from him again and continued to lead him towards an unknown destination. Redpaw realized there were no Twoleg nests here, which felt very unusual to him.

Suddenly, he realized why he recognized this place so much.

"This is just like the forest!" He yowled suddenly.

The she-cat grinned widely back at him. "I was wondering how long it was going to take you to figure that out," she replied.

Redpaw looked at her expectantly. "Why?"

The she-cat stared at him in confusion and stopped walking. "Why what?"

"Why is it just like... home?" He asked.

The she-cat paused. "Well, you see, when a cat... dies," she hesitated, flinching slightly, "they go to StarClan. We get all sorts of cats- Clan cats, rogues, loners, kittypets, Tribe cats, and many more. Each cat is accustomed to different climate, prey, land, and stuff like that because of where they lived before they... died." She flinched again. "So, StarClan is very similar in looks, prey, and climate to wherever they lived." She finished. Redpaw nodded in understanding, confused a little by her strange behavior. "We have an area for every cat. The Clans, where we just were; the kittypets, which is a very domestic area; the Tribes, which isn't very far from here; and whatever other area other cats lived in. Loners and rogues just roam around." The she-cat added.

"Then, where are *we* going?" Redpaw asked curiously. The she-cat picked up her pace again.

"We're going to my Clan," she replied matter-of-factly.

"Which Clan are you from?" He looked behind him.

They had already left the forest, so where else was there to go? Something rang in the back of his mind, but he couldn't quite remember what it was. Another Clan, perhaps? He shook his head to clear his thoughts.

"I'm from a Clan far away from your home. You probably don't know about it," she shrugged.

"What Clan?" He rephrased his question. She picked up her pace more.

"You'll find out when we get there, which we almost are. There's no point in telling you now," she said.

Redpaw remained silent. Obviously, the she-cat didn't want to say any more.

He suddenly realized he didn't know her name. He just thought of her as a StarClan cat. He opened his mouth to ask, but suddenly he was cut off by a ferocious yowl. A snarling cat jumped out of the bushes, hissing and spitting at the she-cat.

"What are *you* doing here?" The new cat snarled. It's voice was deep, indicating it was a tom. Muscles rippled along his dark brown fur, and his brown eyes gleamed with anger. His long, sharp claws were unsheathed, and his tail snapped back and forth. He flashed a glance towards Redpaw, and his piercing gaze softened for a moment, but then he turned back to the she-cat and all hostility returned. The she-cat stepped boldly forward, a challenge in her eyes.

"Bearpaw," she narrowed her eyes. "Let us pass. I have brought him." Her eyes fell upon Redpaw for a moment, and then she looked back at him.

"H- he's an apprentice?" Redpaw choked. The tom was *huge*. Bearpaw looked at him smugly.

"Yes," the she-cat said. "This is Bearpaw."

"I think we've established that," Bearpaw growled at her.

She glared at him in annoyance. "I figured a formal greeting was necessary," she said coldly.

"Yes, because this is definitely the right time for formal greetings," Bearpaw said sarcastically, rolling his eyes. He laughed. "Always the polite one, Solsticepaw."

Redpaw looked at the she-cat closely. "Your name is Solsticepaw?" He asked.

The she-cat shot a shameful glance at Redpaw.

"Yes," she muttered.

"Of course," Bearpaw said, his voice dripping with mock-happiness. "She's our Summer and Winter Solstice!" He added in the same tone.

"What?" Redpaw asked in confusion.

"Never mind that!" Solsticepaw snapped. "Just let us through!"

Bearpaw looked at Redpaw warily. "So he's the one, then?" He asked.

She nodded. "They told me he was," she replied. Bearpaw narrowed his eyes.

"Why have you dawdled so long in bringing him? You know how little time there is!" He growled.

"I know, I know. Well, he's here, so let's bring him to Otterstar!" Solticepaw argued.

"Fine, fine. But, I'm going to have to escort you." Bearpaw agreed.

"I can protect myself," Solticepaw snarled angrily, her fur bristling.

"I don't need you always on me like a mother on a kit!"

Bearpaw looked hurt for a moment. All of his hostility faded, and for a moment, Solticepaw's fur lay flat, and she looked as if she was about to apologize. She took a step forward, but then Bearpaw's hackles rose, and Solsticepaw scrambled back hastily.

"Let's go," he growled, whipping around and disappearing into the bushes he came from.

Redpaw was about to ask what just happened, but he kept silent. He knew something wasn't right. Solsticepaw seemed to be hiding something, and he didn't like it at all.

"Come on," Solsticepaw called softly, flicking her tail and heading through the bushes Bearpaw had just disappeared in. Redpaw followed her, wondering what lay ahead of him. They emerged from the dense bush cover, and right before him, many cliffs lay looming around him, and a stream ran through the gap between the two long cliff-faces. Caves were dotted along the walls, and cats were milling around in and out of them. Redpaw looked around in awe. It was beautiful. Solsticepaw looked back at him with a smile.

"Welcome, Redpaw," she said.

A young little kitten bounced up to him, stars glittering along its fluffy white pelt. Redpaw felt a pang of sorrow. This kit was dead in the real world.

"Hello," the kit said. She looked him up and down with her bright blue eyes. "Are you the Fox that's gonna save the Clans from the Tiger?" She squeaked.

"Hush, Miraclekit," Solsticepaw said. "This is Redpaw. He's from ThunderClan."

Miraclekit's eyes brightened. "I'm Miraclekit. I was named that by my mama because she said I was her little miracle. I've only been here for three moons."

Solsticepaw padded over to Redpaw. "Miraclekit was nearly killed by greencough when she was two moons. After surviving, her

mother named her Miraclekit." She whispered. "Half a moon later, she was taken away by a hawk."

Redpaw looked at the energetic young kit sympathetically. He thought about how Miraclekit must feel, knowing that her family was still alive, missing her...

"Come on, Redpaw, I've got to bring you to Otterstar. She was the one who delivered the prophecy." Solsticepaw said.

"Prophecy? What prophecy?" Redpaw said.

Solsticepaw smiled. "Don't you remember those words I said to you when we first met? That's the prophecy of the Great Fox of SkyClan."

Redpaw nearly jumped as he finally remembered. "So *that's* where we are? SkyClan?"

Solsticepaw nodded, and shuffled her paws. "I knew you wouldn't know about this Clan, even though-"

"-No, no, I was told all about SkyClan when I was a kit. One of the Clan elders, Larksong, told me." Redpaw cut her off.

"What did she tell you?" Solsticepaw asked, seeming more interested.

He shrugged. "A little about where they live, and about when they had to leave the forest. I don't remember all of it."

Solsticepaw suddenly looked put out. "Oh," she meowed.

Redpaw leaned towards her. "What's wrong?"

Solsticepaw looked up. "Nothing," she said. "Let's just get you to Otterstar."

With that, she whipped around and started running through the canyon.

"Hey, wait for me!" Redpaw yowled, bounding after her. As he

passed, more StarClan cats began to appear, staring at him with interest as he passed. As some seemed to recognize him, they brightened, and one started yowling loudly.

"He has come! The Great Fox, he has come!"

Others began to pick up the words the cat had spoken, and they began to echo around Redpaw as he ran.

"Fox..."

Redpaw ran faster, losing sight of Solsticepaw as he nearly crashed into one of the boulders that littered the canyon.

"The Great Fox..."

Frantically searching for the she-cat, Redpaw sped up. He had no idea how long he had been running, but suddenly everything around him started blurring, and he tripped up as he ran.

"Solsticepaw!" He called.

"He has come..."

Redpaw stumbled and fell, rolling along in the dust. He yowled in pain as a sharp rock that had lay on the ground ran along his right shoulder, cutting through his soft skin as he slid across the floor.

"Redpaw!" The tom looked up as a lithe figure approached, bounding towards him. He felt light-headed, and tried to blink away the blurriness as Solsticepaw drew near. A large brown figure appeared like a shadow beside her. "Redpaw!" Solsticepaw yowled. "Redpaw, are you all right?"

The brown figure shuffled on his paws.

"Someone's waking him up."

Redpaw immediately recognized the voice.

Bearpaw!

"We can't do anything now," Bearpaw rumbled.

"But, his shoulder-" Solsticepaw whined.

"His shoulder can be healed by his medicine cat, Solsticepaw," Bearpaw said. Their voices began to fade away as Redpaw's vision grew blurrier. Solsticepaw's bright amber eyes looked at him worriedly, shining brightly as the last of Redpaw's connection with StarClan faded away. He barely heard Solsticepaw's last words towards him before he woke.

"Redpaw, just watch out for the Tiger!"

Author's Note: *Yay! You like it? Next chapter is out!*

Comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Chapter Eight

Nivek321 or Howrse.com, or BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad, made the beautiful cover of this story. Please don't take it, as she put a lot of effort into it. Thanks! :)

Chapter 8! Huzzah! All credit to Erin Hunter.

Chapter Eight

"Wake up!" A voice hissed. "Redpaw, *wake up!*"

Redpaw's eyes shot open and he jumped up in his nest. "Solsticepaw-" he yowled, but Willowpaw put her paw over his mouth.

"Sh!" She whispered. "It's the middle of the night!"

Redpaw fell silent. Willowpaw started out of the den, flicking her tail for her brother to follow. The tom squirmed out of the den and spotted his sister watching the camp entrance. The guard was asleep, but he couldn't make out who it was in the night.

Following Willowpaw towards the gorse tunnel, he realized his sister wanted to confront him privately. He squinted against the chill wind that nipped at him. Leaf-fall wasn't far off, and he and Willowpaw only had two and one-half moons left in their training.

Willowpaw abruptly stopped, staring at the trees in front of her. Redpaw waited, his tail flicking nervously as he shuffled awkwardly on his paws. Finally, she turned around, her icy blue gaze fixed intently on his dark brown eyes.

"What's going on?" She asked softly. "You've been acting so... *off*... lately."

Redpaw scowled and looked at his paws. "I don't want to talk about it."

Willowpaw didn't back down. "Talk to me. You know I can help you."

Redpaw was faintly reminded of Bearpaw's intense protection of Solsticepaw. His heart ached as he thought of the she-cat. Would he ever see her again? He shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts. *No,* he reminded himself, *Solsticepaw's just a friend. Besides, she's a StarClan cat. We could never be together.*

"I know, I know," Redpaw replied. "But, I just... can't. I'm fine."

Willowpaw narrowed her eyes but didn't pursue the topic. "Alright," she finally sighed. "But just know both Spottedpaw and I are here for you."

"And I'm grateful for that," Redpaw said sincerely.

"You've also got Swiftbreeze, Adderfang, Leopardfoot, Patchpelt, Sparrowpelt, and even Sunstar to talk to. We're all here."

Redpaw nodded. "I guess..." He wasn't hardly as close to his mother's first litter, Leopardfoot and Patchpelt. Plus, Leopardfoot was Tigerpaw's mother. Confiding in her had become awkward ever since his confrontation with the tabby apprentice. If he were to confide in anyone, it would be either Willowpaw or Spottedpaw.

Or Solsticepaw.

He pawed at the ground angrily. *Stop it!*

He could feel the StarClan she-cat watching him. Her fiery orange eyes were tinted with an icy blue like they were changing. Bearpaw's mocking words rang in his mind again.

"Of course! She's our Summer and Winter Solstice!"

Solsticepaw's starry figure faded away, leaving Redpaw staring into the dark bushes. Willowpaw noticed him staring past her, and she followed his gaze.

"What are you looking at?" She asked when she noticed nothing was there.

"Nothing. I... I thought I saw a mouse scuffle by," Redpaw muttered.

Willowpaw's eyes slid back to him. "Redpaw?"

The tom looked up. "What?"

Willowpaw hesitated. "Can I... can I ask you... something?"

Redpaw looked at her softly. "Yes, anything. But I may or may not answer it."

Willowpaw tightened her jaw. "Who's Solsticepaw?"

Author's note: *Sorry that was so short. It had to be that way for the chapters to flow. I apologize for any errors, because auto-correct on my iPod may have changed a few things. Thanks!*

Comment, vote, and fan! Thanks guys! :)

Chapter Nine

Nivek321 of Howrse, or BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad, made this beautiful cover. Please don't use it as she put a lot of effort into it. Thanks! :)

Chapter 9! Hooray! Credit to Erin Hunter.

Chapter Nine

"So she's a StarClan cat? And she's been visiting you?" Willowpaw stuttered, astounded.

Redpaw nodded timidly. He had just told Willowpaw everything. Early on in the confession, he realized it would be impossible to avoid telling her it all. So he had spilled the whole story, from the very day Solsticepaw communicated the strange prophecy to him.

"So... Solsticepaw thinks your this... Great Fox that's meant to save the Clans from a... Tiger? What in the name of StarClan is *that* supposed to mean?"

Redpaw shook his head. "I don't know," he confessed. "Right before you woke me up, Solsticepaw and Bearpaw were bringing me to a cat called Otterstar, the one who had delivered the prophecy in the first place."

Willowpaw sighed in frustration. "I'm sorry, Redpaw!" She meowed. "It's all my fault."

"What? No, it's not." Redpaw argued.

"Well, if I hadn't woken you, you may have discovered what all of this means- oh, Redpaw, you just looked so terrified, and you were saying things- I just had to wake you! I just had to!" Willowpaw wailed.

Redpaw looked at her sympathetically. "It's okay. You meant good."

Willowpaw sighed again, not looking convinced. Her gaze drifted towards Redpaw's shoulder, and she gasped in surprise. "Redpaw! What's *that*?" She cried.

Redpaw looked down at his right should and spotted a long, jagged gash running through it. Blood and dirt caked the surface. *Why didn't I notice that before?* He thought.

"It must've been when I fell in the dream!" He realized. "I stumbled and cut my shoulder on a sharp rock. I guess that whatever happens to me in StarClan comes back with me to the real world!" Redpaw exclaimed.

Willowpaw's eyes widened. "Oh my StarClan... we have to being you to Featherwhisker!"

Redpaw shook his head vigorously. "No!" He replied. "I don't want him to question me."

Willowpaw flicked her tail in agreement. "Then... Spottedpaw?"

Redpaw nodded.

"Well, come on, then," Willowpaw hesitated. "Are you going to tell Spottedpaw?"

"I don't know. If I do, I have to make sure she doesn't tell anyone," he said. "The same goes for you."

Willowpaw flicked her ear. "Of course! Oh, come on, Redpaw, I'm not *that* mouse-brained," she chuckled.

Redpaw rolled his eyes. "I'd hope so!" He grinned.

Willowpaw's whiskers twitched in amusement. She started towards him and supported him as he walked. Strangely, Redpaw had not noticed the pain previously. He found himself limping back to camp with his sister by his side.

Once they had entered through the gorse tunnel, Willowpaw immediately steered Redpaw towards the medicine cat den.

Spottedpaw's small figure was outlined in the faint moonlight, her chest rising and falling rhythmically. Willowpaw crept up to her on light, silent paws and put her mouth beside her ear.

"Spottedpaw!" She whispered.

The tortoiseshell she-cat nearly shouted with fright. In her panic, Willowpaw impulsively shoved moss from Spottedpaw's bedding into her mouth. Spottedpaw stopped thrashing and glared at Willowpaw, unamused. She got out of her bed, spat out the moss, and stomped angrily out of the den. On e they were behind the medicine cat den, Spottedpaw faced Willowpaw, looking angry.

"What was *that* for?" She demanded.

Willowpaw grinned innocently. "Sorry," she said. "It was kind of an automatic reaction."

Spottedpaw flicked her ear, dismissing the topic. "What did you call me out here for?" She asked. "I was in the middle of a really good dream."

Redpaw stepped forward. "That dream's going to have to wait. We've got a problem."

Spottedpaw's face grew serious. "What's wrong?"

Redpaw gestured to his shoulder. "Well, first off, there's this."

Spottedpaw's eyes widened in shock. "Redpaw...!" She gasped. "How did that happen?"

He sighed. "That leads me to the bigger issue."

The medicine cat apprentice began to pace. "Oh, let me go get some herbs," she replied worriedly, facing him. "Then we can talk." She disappeared into the medicine den. Redpaw could hear shuffling as her sister got her supplies.

A few moments later, Spottedpaw emerged, cobwebs grasped in her mouth and leaves trapped between her chest and her chin. She dropped them softly on the ground in front of her and grabbed the

leaves in her mouth, beginning to chew them into a pulp. Once she had finished, she applied her poultice onto Redpaw's wound. Relief washed through him as his shoulder immediately felt better.

"That should prevent an infection," Spottedpaw explained. "Now, let me wrap it in cobwebs." She picked p the cobwebs and began to wrap them around his wound. She paused for a moment. "Now, will you tell me the other problem?" She asked.

As she worked, Redpaw told her everything he could remember. With each passing sentence, Spottedpaw's eyes grew wider and wider. Right as he finished, the medicine cat completed tending to his wound. She looked at him with shocked eyes. Redpaw noticed that she looked a little... hurt... but the emotion quickly faded from her eyes.

"Wow, Redpaw, that's... a lot to take in," she finally said.

Redpaw nodded. "I know."

"What are you going to do?" Spottedpaw asked.

He sighed. "I think StarClan wants me to figure out who the 'Tiger' is," he decided.

It was silent. Redpaw looked at the sky and noticed that the dawn patrol would be assembling soon. They needed to hurry.

"We should get going," Willowpaw voiced his thoughts. Redpaw nodded. He and Willowpaw turned around and began towards the apprentices' den.

"Wait!" Spottedpaw whispered loudly.

Redpaw whipped around, wincing a bit at the pain in his shoulder. "What's wrong?"

"I just realized something," Spottedpaw said. "Why would Solsticepaw give *you* a prophecy that was meant for a SkyClan cat?"

Redpaw realized she was right. "I... don't know," he said, utterly

bewildered. "I'll see if I can visit her again and ask."

Spottedpaw nodded. Willowpaw was waiting for him by their den. Redpaw said goodnight to his sister and followed Willowpaw. As he lay down in his moss bed, he couldn't help but think about what Spottedpaw had said.

What if Solsticepaw is wrong?

Author's Note: *What do you think? You like it?*

Comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Chapter Ten

Nivek321 of Howrse, or BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad, made this beautiful cover. Please don't take it as she put a lot of effort into it. Thanks! :)

Chapter 10 is here! This is the minimum amount of chapters for the contest, but Redpaw is still not a warrior! This book will have an estimated 14 chapters. Credit to Erin Hunter! Enjoy!

Chapter Ten

"Tigerclaw! Tigerclaw!" The Clan yowled in unison. The newly-named tabby smirked, drinking in all the praise.

"Tigerclaw... Tigerclaw..." Redpaw muttered his old friend's warrior name with less enthusiasm. It had been another two moons since his talk with Spottedpaw and Willowpaw, and he still hasn't heard from Solsticepaw, or StarClan at all, for that matter. He scanned the crowd of excited cats and saw Thisleclaw, Tigerclaw's previous mentor, staring up at Highrock with jealousy in his gaze. Redpaw narrowed his eyes. *What's that all about?* He wondered.

After the Clan dispersed, Redpaw padded over to the fresh-kill pile. He had been on a hunting patrol earlier that morning, and he grabbed a thrush from the medium-sized pile. With leaf-fall getting ever closer, prey was beginning to get scarce. Redpaw watched as Tigerclaw sauntered past and grabbed two voles and a mouse from the fresh-kill pile. Redpaw stared at him in astonishment. The tabby's amber eyes met his as he padded off towards the elders' den. Tigerclaw set down the prey for the retired cats. Redpaw sighed with relief. Goosefeather hissed angrily at Tigerclaw and backed away from the prey like it was poisoned. Tigerclaw narrowed his eyes and went to whisper in the old cat's ear, and Redpaw pricked his own to listen.

"You never liked me, did you?" He snarled. "Well, you're lucky I'm in a good mood today, fox dung, because if I wasn't, you wouldn't

have a pelt by the time I left this den!"

Goosefeather unsheathed his claws and batted the young warrior away, his eyes wild with rage. Tigerclaw growled contemptuously and stalked away.

Redpaw tried not to yowl angrily at Tigerclaw as he headed to the camp's entrance for his silent vigil. The tabby warrior had just broken the warrior code by speaking before his vigil was complete! Not only that, but the disrespect and hostility he had shown towards Goosefeather could easily get him doing apprentice duties for his whole life.

He padded over to the elders. "Goosefeather, are you all right?"

The old medicine cat nodded. "He'll be the end of this Clan," he muttered, his eyes clouding. "You watch out for him. His ambition is unusually strong," he added silently.

Redpaw felt that familiar chill run through him. Solsticepaw's eyes flashed behind Goosefeather, and he staggered.

"Redpaw," Goosefeather continued, "we must talk."

The apprentice nodded and let the elder lead him outside of the elders' den. He felt Larksong's worried gaze follow them as they exited. Goosefeather looked around, wary, and slipped out of camp, beckoning Redpaw. Redpaw followed hesitantly, unsure of what was going on. He found Goosefeather in a small clearing a good amount of tail-lengths from the elders' den, his back facing him.

"Goosefeather...?" Redpaw began, but the elderly cat held up his tail to silence him.

"There isn't much time," he said, turning around to look Redpaw in the eyes. "StarClan has spoken to you, have they not?"

Redpaw felt confused. The old, ragged, previous medicine cat no longer looked insane, but instead extremely wise. "How did you-"

"-I was a medicine cat, remember? Just because I retired from my duties, it doesn't mean I've lost the ability to interpret signs and

communicate with StarClan," he snapped. "It is my understanding that you have received the prophecy?"

Redpaw nodded.

"Who gave it to you?" Goosefeather pressed.

"Solsticepaw," Redpaw answered without hesitation.

Goosefeather stepped back in shock. "*She* gave it to you?" He asked shakily.

"Y-yes," Redpaw replied, suddenly feeling unsure about the StarClan she-cat after Goosefeather's horrified reaction.

"Redpaw, you *need* to be careful of who you trust," he warned. "Solsticepaw's hiding dangerous secrets."

Redpaw's heart stopped. "*What?*" He cried.

Goosefeather's eyes grew dark. "She's not who she says she is," he said.

The apprentice's face became terrified. "Then, who *is* she?" He whimpered.

Goosefeather's expression grew hard. "Solsticepaw was once a prophesied cat, set out to save SkyClan from a horrible fate. StarClan told her she was-"

"-The Summer and Winter Solstice!" Redpaw recalled.

Goosefeather nodded. "She had a great friend, an apprentice named Bearpaw. He was in love with her very much."

Redpaw stiffened. It was no wonder Bearpaw had acted so hostile towards her! Something must've happened between the two of them.

"Solsticepaw was *very* powerful," Goosefeather continued. "But she was also very vulnerable." He paused, looking up at the stars. One twinkled a ways away Silverpelt, glowing orange, then blue, then

back again. "Solsticepaw had to save SkyClan from a traitorous cat who would drown the whole Clan in his ambition.

Redpaw stiffened. "Did she do it?"

Goosefeather shook his head. "You see, this cat came from another Clan. He was a newborn when she received the prophecy. She thought he would be a big, terrifying warrior, wanting to destroy everything in his path. She was journeying to his Clan with Bearpaw when she found out he was only a kit."

Redpaw's eyes widened. "What happened then?"

Goosefeather sighed. "Solsticepaw's goodness of heart got the better of her. She refused to kill a helpless kit. StarClan told her that she had to kill the kit because he would grow up to be an evil warrior. Yet Solsticepaw still refused. Bearpaw tried to convince her it was for the greater good, but Solsticepaw grew angry with him and asked him how he could be do heartless as to want to kill a weak kit. Hurt, Bearpaw became heartbroken. Not long after, the pair was killed by a pack of foxes that lived nearby, and Solsticepaw never fulfilled the prophecy."

Redpaw was stunned. "But, how does that make her bad?" He asked.

Goosefeather shook his head. "I never said she was bad. She's just not who she says she is. She doesn't even live in StarClan."

"*What?*" Redpaw replied, shocked.

"She lives alone on the border between StarClan and the place where evil cats go. StarClan would not allow her to live with them, and she knew she was not evil. She just hopes that one day StarClan will accept her."

Redpaw was silent for a moment. "Then how did she bring me to StarClan?"

"She is not an evil cat, so she can cross the border into StarClan. But it doesn't mean they welcome her with open arms. They're as hostile towards her than ever."

Too shocked and stunned to speak, Redpaw just stared at Goosefeather in astonishment.

"Oh, and there is one more thing you must know."

Redpaw blinked.

"If you fail to fulfill the prophecy, then Fire will blaze through the forest. Only one other cat in the Clan knows of this prophecy."

"Who?" Redpaw asked.

Goosefeather shook his head. "I cannot say. But this cat is by your side, even if they don't know it."

"They don't know I'm the Great Fox?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"They don't need to." Goosefeather stated. "Now, you should get some rest. You have a big day tomorrow," he winked.

Redpaw remembered with a burst of excitement that he had his warrior's assessment tomorrow. If he did well, he would be made a warrior half a moon early because the Clan needed more warriors.

"You're right. I need my rest," Redpaw agreed. "But first, Goodefeather, I have a question for you."

Goosefeather looked curious. "Hm?"

Redpaw thought about how he would word this. "Why does every cat in the Clan think you're crazy?"

Goosefeather smiled. "Redpaw, sometimes the cats who seem the craziest are in fact the wisest."

Author's Note: *You like it? Tell me what you think!*

Comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Chapter Eleven

Nivek321 of Howrse, or BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad, made this beautiful cover. Please don't take it as she put a lot of effort into it. Thanks! :)

Chapter 11, oh my goodness! Credit to Erin Hunter, and enjoy!

Chapter Eleven

"I'm sorry," Solsticepaw whispered, her eyes pained. "I'm so sorry."

Redpaw woke with a jolt, Solsticepaw's voice still ringing in his ears. He looked around for a moment before he realized he was back in the apprentices' den.

"Are you all right?" Someone asked behind him.

Redpaw turned around and saw one of the younger apprentices in the shadows. He could just make out her silvery pelt, and her green eyes shone in the darkness.

Brindlepaw.

Brindlepaw was only a few days younger than him, and she would be taking her warriors assessment the same time he was. He had started to take a liking for the apprentice. She was kind, caring, and sweet. Not only that, but she was extremely loyal and compassionate.

Redpaw nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine."

Brindlepaw's tail twitched. "Are you sure?"

He sighed. "No, I'm not."

"Not sure or not fine?" She pressed.

"Both," he groaned, rolling over onto his back.

"What's wrong?" Brindlepaw asked, sounding genuinely concerned. "You can talk to me, if you like."

For some reason Redpaw was okay with that. He seemed comfortable sharing his troubles with the she-cat. He tightened his jaw and looked around. The other apprentices, including Willowpaw, were fast asleep. Only he and Brindlepaw were awake.

"Okay," he finally decided. "But not here. Come on."

He flicked his tail and silently slid out of the den. Brindlepaw followed, as quiet as he was. Redpaw snuck past the camp entrance and was pleased when Brindlepaw accomplished this as well. He was surprised that she had followed him this far- she *hated* breaking rules. And sneaking out of camp unsupervised was not the best thing to do.

"Where should we talk?" Redpaw asked. Brindlepaw flicked her tail towards a small slope to their right.

"How about over there?"

Redpaw nodded. "Okay. But are you sure you want to be so out in the open? We could get caught."

Playfulness glittered in Brindlepaw's eyes. "You're not *scared*, are you? Come on," she bounded past him and up the slope. "We'll be fine."

Redpaw grinned and loped after her. He realized that he trusted Brindlepaw immensely. He had grown up with her, after all. They trained together sometimes, shared prey, and played together, but Redpaw realized that he had never felt this way about the she-cat. He sat down beside her and smiled. She sat down as well.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Brindlepaw muttered suddenly, looking in front of her.

Redpaw followed her gaze and noticed she was referring to the sunrise. The dark sky was changing. Pink leaked into the navy and black, and yellow, orange, and red flooded after it. Right after that, the flaming orb appeared. In the back of his mind, Redpaw remembered that the dawn patrol would be leaving right about now, and they could be caught. But he pushed that thought away. At the moment, it didn't matter. All he could think about was Brindlepaw.

He had never noticed how beautiful the she-cat apprentice was. Her fur shone in the sunrise, her eyes reflecting the scene like two clear pools.

"Brindlepaw."

The she-cat looked at him.

Redpaw hesitated. "There's something I need to tell you."

Brindlepaw nodded. "You can talk to me."

Sighing heavily, Redpaw looked at the sunrise and spoke. "I have a secret."

Brindlepaw laughed. "Don't we all?"

He shook his head. "Not just any secret. It's about a prophecy."

Brindlepaw's eyes widened. "What is it? Is everything okay?"

Redpaw shrugged. "I don't know. It's a lot to think about."

"What does it say?" She asked.

"The Fox must reveal the Tiger's dark secret," he recited. "I've been told I am the Fox," He turned to look at her. "It sounds crazy, doesn't it?" He sighed in frustration. "I'm such a mouse-brain! You must think I'm crazy now!"

Brindlepaw looked at him seriously. "I don't think you're crazy. I believe you."

A surprised look crossed Redpaw's face. "You... you do?"

"Of course," she said. "And I'm always here for you. We can get through this together."

There was dead silence.

"Thank you, Brindlepaw." Redpaw finally said.

"You're welcome," she replied.

After a few minutes of sitting together, staring at the sunrise, he felt Brindlepaw's fear scent grow, but it was a different kind of fear. A fear that something might not happen. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw her tail up, twitching slightly, as if she were thinking. Without a second thought, Redpaw twined his tail around hers. Brindlepaw's fear scent immediately washed away, and she tightened her tail around his. She leaned her head down on his broad shoulder and sighed happily. He looked down at her with a smile, his eyes twinkling.

"I love you, Redpaw."

He could feel Solsticepaw watching him again, and knew she was begging and pleading for forgiveness. Redpaw finally understood. If Solsticepaw had told him, he wouldn't have listened to her. She was only trying to do what she thought was right. But even so, his feelings for Solsticepaw faded away in the cool breeze that ruffled his and Brindlepaw's pelts.

"I love you, too."

Author's Note: *Hee hee, I forgot about Brindleface until now. Did I make it flow well enough? Let me know!*

Comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Chapter Twelve

Nivek321 of Howrse.com, also known as BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad, made the beautiful cover of this book. Please do not take it, as she put a lot of effort into it. Thanks! :)

Wow! Chapter 12 is here! I hope you enjoy! Credit to Erin Hunter.

Chapter Twelve

"All cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the Highrock for a Clan meeting!" Sunstar yowled.

Redpaw nearly jumped at the call. He had returned from his assessment around an hour ago with Willowpaw and Brindlepaw. They did the combat part of their assessment together, but they had hunted solo, and afterwards confided with each other over their results. Willowpaw was frantic, hoping that they had all passed, as their mentors had to ponder the results with Sunstar.

"Oh StarClan... oh StarClan... oh StarClan!" Willowpaw began hyperventilating. "He's called the meeting! This is it!"

Brindlepaw set her tail on Willowpaw's shoulder. "It's all right, Willowpaw. I'm sure you did great."

Redpaw smiled gratefully at Brindlepaw. He still couldn't shake off the electric currents he had felt that morning with her when they touched, and he knew that when the right time came, he would ask her to be his mate.

The three padded up to Highrock together, Willowpaw breathing slowly to calm her nerves. Sunstar smiled down at them. Redpaw looked around for his deputy, Tawnyspots, but then remembered that the tom was sick and in the medicine den.

Bluefur padded out of the nursery, her two moon-old kits bouncing after her. The she-cat looked troubled, and she kept glancing back

at her kits. Redpaw smiled at them, and Bluefur returned it hesitantly.

He remembered when, only a few days ago, he had taught Stonekit the hunting crouch. The little gray tom learned very fast, and Redpaw knew he would be a great warrior and give much to his Clan.

Whatever Clan that was.

He had seen Bluefur a couple days ago talking to another cat, a brown tom. He wasn't sure if she was confronting an intruder or sneaking out and meeting this cat purposefully. He was too far away at the time to hear what they were saying, but they didn't seem ready to pounce on each other. In the end, Redpaw decided it would just be best not to tell anyone.

Now he was ready to find out if he passed, and if he did, what his warrior name was.

"Cats of ThunderClan," Sunstar began, "this morning, three warriors took out three of our apprentices for their warrior's assessments. Those apprentices are Redpaw, Willowpaw, and Brindlepaw. I discussed the results with their testers and we have decided that..." He paused, looking around at the Clan. Willowpaw took in a sharp intake of breath. "...they have all passed." Redpaw's sister let out a sigh of relief.

"See? I knew you could do it!" Brindlepaw smiled.

Willowpaw smiled back.

"Which means that today, we will have three new warriors!" Sunstar yowled. The Clan cheered their approval. Sunstar cleared his throat and began to recite the age-old ritual.

"I, Sunstar, leader of ThunderClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these apprentices. They have trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as warriors in turn." Sunstar scanned the three apprentices. "Brindlepaw, please step forward."

The pale silver she-cat did as she was told.

"Brindlepaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

"I do," Brindlpaw breathed.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Brindlepaw, from this moment you will be known as Brindleface. StarClan honors your optimism and your compassion, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

"Brindleface! Brindleface!" The Clan cheered, but no one could have been yowling louder than Redpaw. Brindleface smiled back at him, her eyes twinkling with delight.

"Willowpaw, please step forward."

Willowpaw trembled as she did so, and she faced Sunstar determinedly.

"Willowpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

Willowpaw's voice shook. "I do."

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Willowpaw, from this moment you will be known as Willowpelt. StarClan honors your kindness and your protectiveness, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

"Willowpelt!" The Clan cheered. "Willowpelt!"

Redpaw heard Spottedpaw's voice clearly among the throng. She cheered loudly for her sister, happiness coming from her. Willowpelt beamed. Once the Clan's cheers had died down, Sunstar turned to Redpaw.

"Redpaw, please step forward."

It was time.

This was the moment Redpaw had been waiting for his entire life. Finally, it was here. He stepped forward, more ready than ever.

"Redpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

He didn't hesitate. "I do."

Sunstar smiled. "Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Redpaw, from this moment you will be known as Redtail. StarClan honors your loyalty and your determination, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

Redtail.

Redtail, the name rang in his head. It was extremely fitting. He remembered that day so long ago when he realized why he was named Redkit. Now, on the day of his warrior ceremony, not only his looks were recognized and honored, but his qualities as well. That was what made him a true warrior. The Clan erupted in yowls and cheers.

"Redtail! Redtail!" He smiled broadly at the Clan. Sunstar had to hold up his tail to silence them.

"Brindleface, Willowpelt, and Redtail, by tradition, the three of you must guard the camp in a silent vigil until sunrise. I suggest you eat and do whatever else you need before your vigil begins, as the moon will rise very soon." With that, Sunstar dismissed the Clan.

Redtail went over to the fresh-kill pile with Brindleface and Willowpelt. Spottedpaw smiled at them from her den, and the three of them smiled back. Stonekit bounced up to them, his fluffy fur bouncing with him.

"Wow! You guys are warriors now!" He squeaked. Redtail simply nodded. He was not allowed to speak.

"Stonekit! They're not allowed to talk until dawn, remember?" Mistykit reminded from a few tail-lengths away.

Stonekit frowned. "Oh, yeah." Then he brightened. "See you later!"

He loped away to the nursery again where his siblings were waiting for him. Redtail's whiskers twitched in amusement. He picked up a vole, and once the other two had gathered what they wanted, he gulped up the fresh-kill, famished. He hadn't eaten since before the assessment in the late afternoon. After he had finished, he padded to the gorse tunnel, Willowpelt and Brindleface following. The sun had just begun to set, and their silent vigil had begun. Redtail knew he would have enough strength, even if he had felt a few moments before he wouldn't. He knew that all of StarClan was watching over them tonight, and that lone star, twinkling orange and blue, would be shining brightly for them, urging them on.

He was a full warrior now. He was ready to face any challenge that was thrown at him.

Turning to Willowpelt and Brindleface, he noticed them doing their best to guard the camp from any intruders. Now he knew that he didn't have to face the prophecy alone.

He had his friends to help him.

It was just like Brindleface said.

They could get through it together.

Author's Note: *Wow, this is so exciting! I'm a few chapters away from finishing my first book! O.o XD What do you guys think? Wow, I really have to think about how I'm going to finish this. I think I know, but I'll have to figure out that whole prophecy thing. XD See you in Chapter 13!*

Comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Chapter Thirteen

Nivek321 of Howrse.com, or BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad, made the beautiful cover of this book. Please don't take it as she put a lot of effort into it. Thanks! :)

Whoo-hoo! Chapter Thirteen is here! I am so close to finishing this! All credit to Erin Hunter.

Chapter Thirteen

"Solsticepaw!" Redtail yowled.

After the vigil was up, he and the others had gone back to their dens to sleep. He had been hoping she would come to him. It looks like this time, she had answered his call. He was on the border between StarClan and the place Goosefeather had said evil cats go. Solsticepaw was standing in front of him, her eyes clouded with sadness.

"Redpaw, I'm so sorry!" She whimpered. "I was going to tell you, but-"

"-My name is Redtail now." Redtail interrupted.

"You're a warrior? That's great, Redp- Redtail!" She corrected herself.

Redtail nodded. "Thanks," he meowed.

It was silent for a moment, and Solsticepaw stepped forward. Redtail tensed.

"Redtail, do you know why you were chosen to be the Great Fox of SkyClan?"

Redtail shook his head. "No. Why would StarClan choose a ThunderClan cat for a SkyClan prophecy?"

Solsticepaw shook her head. "They didn't just choose a ThunderClan cat, Redtail. They also chose a SkyClan cat." She paused. "You have SkyClan blood."

"*What?*" Redtail's eyes widened in astonishment.

"It's true," Solsticepaw insisted. "But it goes way back."

"W-who am I related to?" Redtail asked shakily.

Solsticepaw flicked her ear. "Cloudstar, Birdflight, Gorseclaw, and Spottedpelt. All Ancient SkyClan cats. The relation is very distant, but it's still there."

Redtail was silent. How could this be possible? So much had happened in his life, but this was probably the biggest shock of all. What horrified him most was that he couldn't even call himself a full-blooded ThunderClan cat.

"Now do you understand why you were chosen?" Solsticepaw asked.

"More or less," Redtail replied, refusing to meet her gaze, which was now nearly all blue.

"Listen, Redtail. I couldn't tell you my history because I knew you would never trust me. Besides, how would I say it?" Solsticepaw pawed the ground. "It didn't matter anyways."

"Yes, it did!" Redtail roared. "Don't you think it would have been nice to know who this cat giving me the prophecy was?"

Solsticepaw looked hurt. "I did it for the best."

"Maybe what you think is the best isn't always the best!" Redtail snapped. "Especially when it comes to prophecies for *you*."

The she-cat bristled. "You take that back." She hissed.

Redtail curled his lip and started circling her. "Should I?"

She growled. "I knew that was best! StarClan wanted me to kill a helpless *ThunderClan* kit!"

Redtail stopped in his tracks. "*ThunderClan?*"

Solsticepaw smirked, knowing she had caught him off guard. "Yes. ThunderClan."

He stepped back in shock. "Who is it?"

"You really haven't figured it out by now? I think the prophecy makes it *pretty* obvious." Solsticepaw mocked.

Redtail realized with a shock what she was talking about.

"You mean, the Tiger... the Tiger is Tigerclaw?"

Solsticepaw rolled her eyes. "That seems about right."

"But he's the last one I would expect! We're related!" Redtail protested. "How could I be prophesied to be the one to stop my own blood?"

She shrugged. "It's just the way it goes."

Redtail scraped at the ground with his claws. It was just dirt, there was no life around whatsoever.

"Fine. But what's his secret? What is it that I have to reveal?"

"That's for you to find out. I don't really know." Solsticepaw shrugged. She perked up, her ears pricked. "You have to go. Something's wrong."

Redtail nodded. "Solsticepaw, I'm sorry for insulting you," he apologized.

Solsticepaw smiled. "It's all right, I understand. It can be hard when you find something out the hard way." He smiled at her.

The starry figure started to fade away, and before he knew it, brightness flooded into his vision. The first words he heard when he woke terrified him.

"My kits! My kits are gone!" a voice screeched.

The tortoiseshell warrior jumped out of his nest and raced out of his den. He raced into the nursery, where the voice was coming from, and saw Bluefur looked distraught, and her kits no where to be seen.

"Bluefur!" Redtail yowled. "What happened?"

The she-cat looked up at him, sadness in her eyes. "I was sleeping, and I heard something, and when I woke up, there was a hole the size of a fox in the back of the nursery and my kits were gone!" She wailed.

Sunstar came racing into the nursery, along with Featherwhisker and Thrushpelt.

"What happened?" Sunstar demanded.

"Where are the kits?" Thrushpelt asked.

"They're gone!" Bluefur whimpered. "I think a fox took them!"

Redtail's eyes widened. He thought of the kits, and how much he had grown to like them. Now, they were gone.

"Bluefur, I'm so sorry," was all he could think of to say.

"Would you like us to send a search party?" Sunstar asked.

"If you would like," the silver-blue she cat murmured. "But they are gone. I can smell their scent mixed with that of a fox's."

Redtail scented the air, and the faint scent of fox hit his nose, but he remembered that it was always there. The kits' scents were much stronger, like they had just been here.

"Very well. We don't want to risk any more lives in the snow." Sunstar decided. "I'm very sorry, Bluefur. We will hold a silent vigil for them tonight."

Bluefur nodded numbly. She whimpered and put her paws over her head.

"Let's leave her to grieve," Thrushpelt said.

The rest of them nodded. Redtail put his tail on Bluefur's shoulder for a moment, trying to comfort her. Sobs wraked through the she-cat's body. Redtail padded out of the nursery to leave her alone. *So much has happened,* he thought. ThunderClan was falling apart at the seams. How long would it be before Tigerclaw carried out his plan? Suddenly, Redtail realized something. Goosefeather had told him that the cat he had to stop was ambitious and traitorous.

Tigerclaw was going to try to take over ThunderClan!

Author's Note: *You like it? Let me know! Next chapters are out! :)*

Please, comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Chapter Fourteen

Nivek321 of Howrse.com, or BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad, made the beautiful cover of this book. Please don't take it, as she put a lot of effort into it. Thanks! :)

Oh my goodness, one more chapter, and the epilogue! Enjoy! :D Credit to Erin Hunter!

Chapter Fourteen

"Redtail! Redtail!" The Clan cheered on the tortoiseshell warrior.

It had been many moons since Bluefur's kits had been stolen, and now Redtail stood before her, the new ThunderClan leader, who was now called Bluestar, as her deputy. He had nearly forgotten about the prophecy about him. Tigerclaw was proving to be a loyal warrior, but as he looked around at the Clan, he saw hatred in the tabby's eyes. Longtail and Darkstripe, two young warriors, flanked him. Redtail felt a pang of worry hit him, but he pushed it away.

Tigerclaw would never hurt me, he insisted. *And I would never hurt him.*

After the ceremony, Bluestar padded up to him.

"I'm glad you're my deputy," she smiled.

"I'm glad as well!" Redtail laughed. "I never thought I'd be here."

Willowpelt padded up to him, Spottedleaf trailing not far behind. His sister had received her medicine cat name quite some time ago, and could now take on the Clan as a full medicine cat once Featherwhisker either passed or retired.

"Congratulations!" The purred in unison.

Redtail pawed at the ground in embarassment. "Thanks," he mumbled.

"I knew it would be you!" Willowpelt said proudly. "You were the obvious choice."

Bluestar laughed. "Well, I must speak with Redtail now. We have much to discuss."

Redtail nodded and followed the leader as she padded into her den. Bluestar sat down in her nest and beckoned for him to sit down in front of him.

"Redtail," Bluestar began, "is there something you need to tell me? You have been acting strange lately."

Redtail tensed. It was now or never. He had to reveal Tigerclaw's ambitions to his leader. He nodded, gulping.

"Bluestar, when I was an apprentice, I was given a prophecy."

The leader immediately pricked her ears and looked around to make sure no one else was listening. "Go on," she urged.

Redtail took a deep breath. "I was told that I was a Great Fox destined to reveal the Tiger's dark secret. I know now what I must do," he paused. "Tigerclaw is going to betray you."

Bluestar narrowed her eyes. "How do you know that?"

"StarClan told me," Redtail said nervously. This was not the reaction he had expected from his leader.

"I don't know if I believe that," Bluestar said. "Tigerclaw is ambitious, yes, but not in that way. I think StarClan has misled you."

Redtail could not believe his ears. "But-"

"-No, Redtail. You are my deputy, and I trust your judgement, but this is much too serious of an accussation, and you have no legitimate proof." Bluestar said stiffly. "Is that all you needed to tell me?"

Redtail hung his head. "The fresh-kill pile is getting low," he

sighed.

"Then as my deputy, I expect you to send out patrols to stock it up," Bluestar said. "Now, go on, I need to think about some upcoming ceremonies."

Redtail dipped his head respectfully and left the den, head low and tail drooping. His warning hadn't worked. He had failed to fulfill the prophecy, and there was no sign of the Fire that would blaze through the forest. He was very confused over the second prophecy, but he figured that if he was a fox in StarClan's eyes, another cat could be fire.

Willowpelt padded up to him, Spottedleaf once again following her. "Is everything okay?" She asked.

Redtail shook his head. "She didn't believe me."

Spottedleaf's eyes widened. "What?"

"She thinks I've been misled by StarClan."

Brindleface came out of the nursery and towards them. Redtail had become mates with her a two moons ago, and she was already getting ready to claim her nest in the nursery, as she would be moving there soon.

"I heard your conversation," she said. "What are you going to do now?"

Redtail shook his head. "I don't know."

Brindleface's expression tightened. "Maybe you just need to play it out. See what happens."

He shrugged. "I guess so," he muttered.

Where was StarClan when he needed them?

Author's Note: *Sorry that was super, super short, guys! It just has to be that way to flow properly. Hope you enjoyed!*

Comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Chapter Fifteen

Nivek321 of Howrse.com, or BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad, made the beautiful cover of this story. Please don't take it, as she put a lot of work into it. Thanks! :)

Oh my StarClan! Last chapter, then the epilogue! ***All*** *credit of this chapter to Erin Hunter especially! It is just a change in point of view of her second-to-last chapter of Bluestar's Prophecy! So, credit to her! Thanks! :)*

Chapter Fifteen

Maybe I have been misled by StarClan.

Redtail sat beside Bluestar on the Highrock, watching the apprentices play. His kit, Sandpaw, was with them. Brindleface was very proud of Sandpaw, watching her from the warriors' den with a smile on her face. Sandpaw was playing with Dustpaw, her best friend, and Graypaw. Ravenpaw, another apprentice, was fiddling with a leaf he had found.

"I bet they call that *training*," he said with a laugh, flicking his tail at the playing apprentices.

Dustpaw suddenly crept up behind the oblivious Ravenpaw and leapt onto his tail. Ravenpaw yowled and jumped in surprise. Redtail saw Bluestar shake her head, and he knew what she was thinking. Bluestar had given Tigerclaw the fearful apprentice, and hoped that his courage would build by being trained by the determined warrior. He hoped the same.

"Do you remember your first moon of training?" He asked.

Bluestar nodded beside him and gave a soft sigh, as if relishing in the memories. Redtail remembered that so many of the old cats had gone, including his mother. Spottedleaf had now become full medicine cat since Featherwhisker had died from greencough.

"I've led four good lives," Bluestar muttered beside him.

Redtail turned to look at her, narrowing his eyes. "Feeling nostalgic, eh?" He joked.

His leader sighed. "You'll have to indulge me now that I'm old."

Redtail rolled his eyes. They had gone through this arguement many times. "You're not old," he insisted.

The she-cat twitched her whiskers. "I'm not young. Just look at the white hairs on my muzzle."

Redtail knew that Bluestar had less lives than five. In fact, he knew that she only had two left, but he would never challenge her. His time to become leader would arrive in it's own time.

Bluestar sighed again.

"What's troubling you?" He asked, genuinely concerned.

"I was just thinking," she replied. "We've had so few kits born recently. Who will keep the Clan strong and well fed through leaf-bare? The elders' den gets fuller each season."

Redtail remembered that his old mentor, Sparrowpelt, had lost half his tail to a badger, and had taken on the name Halftail. Because he couldn't climb trees, he had moved to the elder's den. He spotted his sister coming from the medicine cat den, her tortoiseshell pelt glimmering in the sunlight. She looked so worn out after caring for the cats that had come back after a battle with RiverClan over Sunningrocks. Redtail suspected another battle would take place soon.

He smiled down at his kit and mate and knew that this was his true destiny. Great Fox or not, he was ready to protect his Clan with all his might.

And protect it he would.

Author's Note: *Aw, that was the last chapter! Sorry for the briefness again. Now all that's left is the epilogue! See you all there!*

Comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)

Epilogue

Nivek321 of Howrse.com, also known as BlueJayCanuck here on Wattpad, made the beautiful cover of this book. Please do not take it, as she put a lot of effort into it. Thanks! :)

Wow, we're all done! I hope you enjoy the final part of Redtail's Path! All credit to Erin Hunter!

Epilogue

Stars glittered in front of the warrior, a path leading him to the sky. He saw the young black apprentice of his Clan watching the scene that had just taken place fearfully. The tabby who had just sent him to his death noticed the little cat watching, and began to threaten him.

"Ravenpaw, you don't tell anyone what you've seen, or you won't see anything ever again!" He growled.

"Yes, Tigerclaw!" Ravenpaw whimpered.

"Now, go back to camp and tell everyone Redtail is dead, and he was killed by Oakheart," Tigerclaw instructed. "*Go!*"

Ravenpaw wailed with fright and raced away, back to his camp to report what he had been told.

Redtail shook his head. Hopefully someday, the apprentice would be able to reveal the secret he had failed to. He remembered Goosefeather's prophecy.

Fire will blaze through the forest.

He knew who this cat was now. He had seen a flame-colored kittypet watching the forest on his fence. He just hoped that this house cat would be brave enough to tame the wild.

He didn't have to worry about that anymore, though. He was on his way to StarClan.

Goodbye, everyone. Willowpelt, Spottedleaf, Brindleface, Sandpaw, Bluestar, everyone. Goodbye.

Redtail stepped forward onto the path, the stars warm on his paws. With each step forward, he felt the spirits of the StarClan cats calling to him, urging him on.

It didn't take long for him to reach the top. Once he did, he saw his mother's face smiling down at him.

"Redtail," Swiftbreeze greeted, stars glittering along her pelt. "You've finally come home."

He looked at the group of cats and saw so many familiar faces. Sunstar, Goosefeather, Larksong, Mosskit, Snowfur, and many others.

"Let me through!" A voice called from the back of the throng.

Someone began to nudge their way through the crowd, and Redtail brightened as he saw who it was.

"*Solsticepaw!*" He cried.

The she-cat ran up to him, the stars in her fur brighter than ever. "Thank you," she whispered, tears in her eyes. "They've finally accepted me."

"What made them change their minds?" Redtail asked.

"You, Redtail," Solsticepaw said. "You."

"What?" He replied, confused. "How?"

Solsticepaw smiled. "When you told Bluestar about Tigerclaw and

his dark ambitions and she refused to believe you, StarClan realized that it would have been impossible for me to stop him in the first place. One cat against many wouldn't have allowed me to fulfill the prophecy. You were against Bluestar and nearly your whole Clan when you accused Tigerclaw. I was against not only a Clan willing to protect him, but myself."

Redtail smiled. "Well, I'm glad one good thing came from Bluestar not believing me!"

Solsticepaw laughed. "Me, too."

"Hey, Redtail!" Another cat called from the crowd. Bearpaw appeared, a smile wide on his face.

"You saved Solsticepaw and brought her here," he said. "And I feel it... polite... to thank you."

Solsticepaw laughed. "Always the polite one, Bearpaw," she mocked, repeating the same words he had said to her so many moons ago.

Bearpaw gave her a friendly nudge, and Solsticepaw nudged him back even harder. Then the two broke out in a fit of laugher.

Sunstar padded up to him. "It looks like the Great Fox has saved the forest after all," he smiled.

Redtail nodded. He realized that maybe it wasn't his destiny to reveal the Tiger's dark secret. It was his destiny to save the Summer and Winter Solstice.

And that he did.

He hoped his warning would stay with Bluestar, and that someday she would remember that he had told her of the treacherous warrior. Maybe the flame-colored cat would help her understand that when he spoke, he spoke the truth.

"Be ready, young warrior," he murmured, looking down upon him from the stars. "You've got a big journey ahead of you." Redtail turned around and smiled at Solsticepaw and Bearpaw.

You've got to fulfill your path. And you can do it, he thought. *Because I fulfilled mine.*

Author's Note: *Oh my StarClan, I want to cry right now! This is the very first book I have ever finished! Ever! I hope you like it, LionheartPublishing!*

I want to thank all my fans for helping me through this. I could have never finished my first book without you. This has been such a journey for me, and I am both sad and happy to say it's finally over.

I especially want to thank LionheartPublishing for making this contest. I would have never made this book without the inspiration!

Another person I want to thank is CrazystarThunderClan, for coping with me when I needed extensions, and cheering me on. Thank you so much!

Guess what? Redtail's Path may be an animated series on YouTube! I'll let everyone know when it comes out! And if you want to be a part of it, PM me for details!

Comment, vote, and fan! Thanks! :)